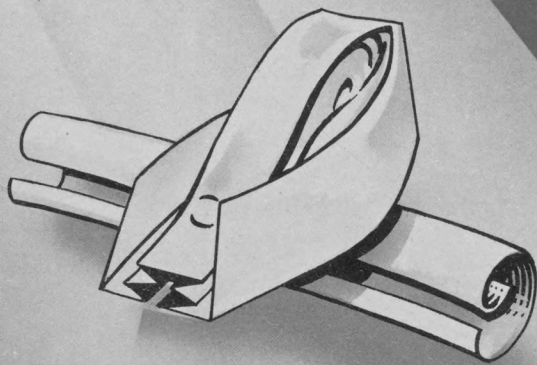
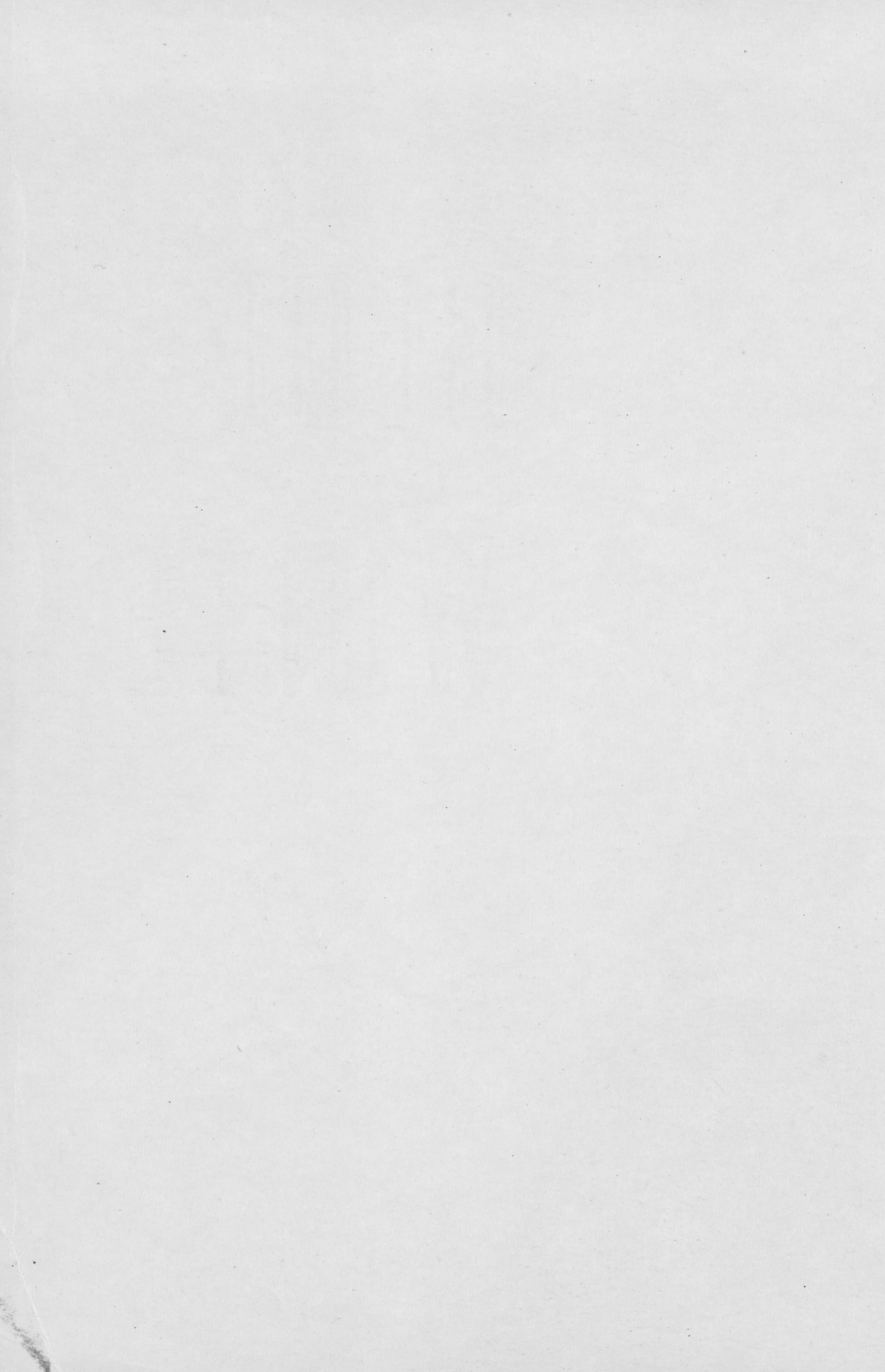


1950



BLUE *and* WHITE



BLUE

and

WHITE

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DEDICATION . . .



Miss Helen McDonel ~ ~

*Whom we will
always remember
for her cheerfull
understanding and
encouragement.*

EDITORIAL

Again we, as others before us, have come to the end of our basic training as nurses, and as graduates and individuals, we also feel to some degree, sorrow, happiness, fear, hope and other emotions which may arise whenever one undertakes a new experience; meets new people, greets old friends, or nurses their own family.

People have been heard to say, "My what a long hard struggle"—this may or may not be true, as individuals vary, but as Rupert Brooke says—

*"Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day.
And laughter, learnt of friends, and gentleness.
In hearts at peace—"*

All our best goes to those who started their training with us, but who left through illness.

To our instructresses, supervisors, and those who have shown us the way—we say thank you.

And to the year Book Staff and the class of 1950, may I again say thank you for your work in making this issue possible.

A. BRYCE

Year Book Staff...



ALMA BRYCE
Editor



MARION LESLIE
Ass't. Editor



HAZEL BURNETT
Business Manager



ALMA BEAMAN
Ass't. Business Mgr.



LUCILLE GRABOWSKI
Art Manager



MARGARET LORD
Ass't Art Manager



RUTH PEEL
Literary Manager



ESTHER LUDWIG
Ass't Literary Manager



HELEN STACEY
Advertising Manager



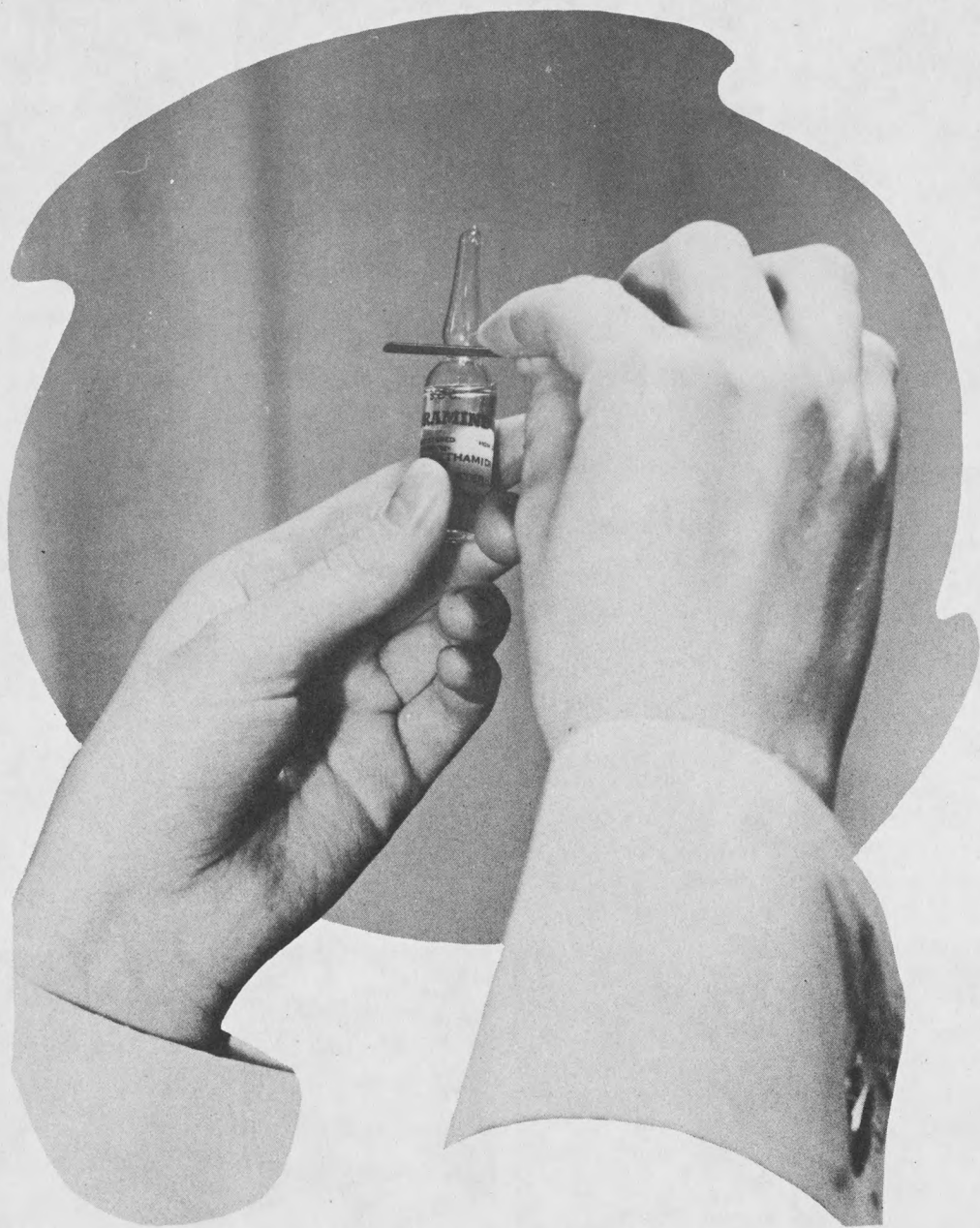
IVY NORRINGTON
Ass't. Advertising Mgr.

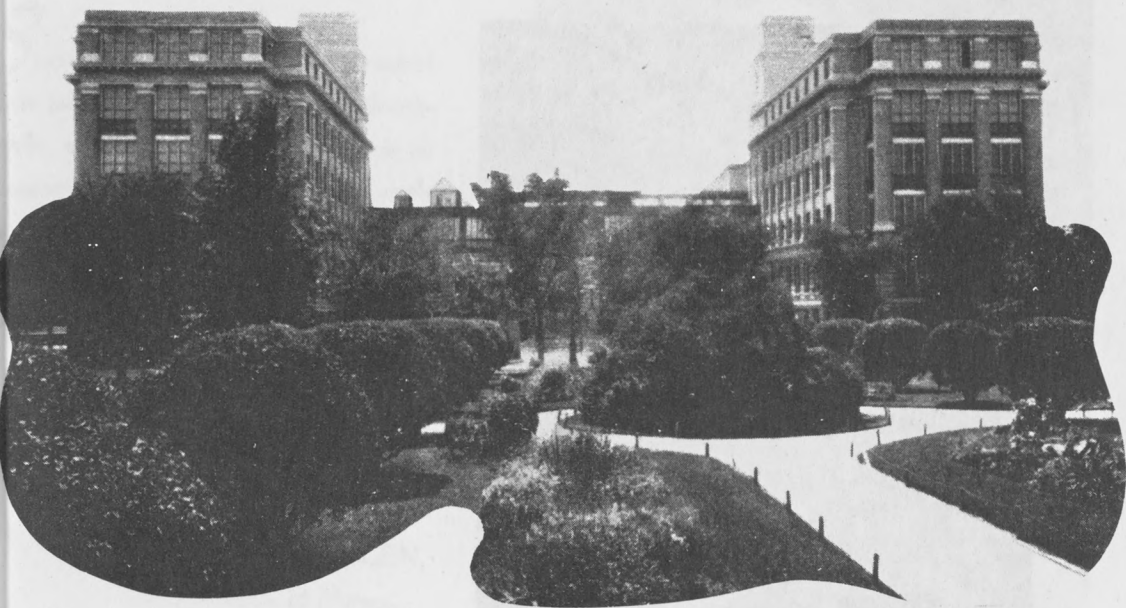


SALLY STANKO
Sales Manager



ELIZABETH MULLIN
Ass't Sales Mgr.





The Florence Nightingale Pledge

I solemnly pledge myself before God and in the presence of this assembly, to pass my life in purity and to practice my profession faithfully. I will abstain from whatsoever is deleterious and mischievous, and will not take or knowingly administer any harmful drug. I will do all in my power to maintain and elevate the standard of my profession, and will hold in confidence all personal matters committed to my keeping and all family affairs coming to my knowledge in the practice of my calling. With loyalty will I endeavour to aid the physician in his work, and devote myself to the welfare of those committed to my care.



Three years ago the end of the course seemed a long way off, and now that it has been reached, my personal congratulations and good wishes go to each and every member of the Graduating Course. My congratulations cover, not only successful achievement, but also the attainment of professional status, with all its responsibilities and rewards.

H. COPPINGER,
Superintendent.

Success does not consist in getting out of little jobs, but in making your job worthwhile, no matter how small. There is no romance like the romance of doing one's duty well. There is nothing quite so thrilling as being a one hundred percent woman and a fine nurse.

May each one of you find happiness, deep satisfaction and success in your profession, as well as in life.

BERTHA L. PULLEN,
Superintendent of Nurses.



YOUR JOB

*"Wherever you're working—in office or shop,
And however far you may be from the top—
And though you may think you're just treading the mill,
Don't ever belittle the job that you fill;
For however little your job may appear—
You're just as important as some little gear
That meshes with others in some big machine,
That helps keep it going—though never is seen.*

*They could do without you—we'll have to admit—
But business keeps on, when the big fellows quit!
And always remember, my lad, if you can,
The job's more important—(oh, yes)—than the man!
So if it's your hope to stay off the shelf,
Think more of your job than you do of yourself.*

*Your job is important—don't think it is not—
So try hard to give it the best that you've got!
And don't think ever you're of little account—
Remember, you're part of the total amount.
If they didn't need you, you wouldn't be there—
So, always, my lad, keep your chin in the air.
A Digger of ditches, mechanic, or clerk,
Think well of your company, yourself and your work!"*

Anonymous

Nursing Education



*I*t is a distinct privilege to have this opportunity to extend to you, the members of the graduating class of 1950, my heartiest congratulations on your achievements. I am sure that you will find your nursing career both interesting and stimulating, and definitely not boring. Good luck to you all in your future endeavors!

Sincerely,

KATHLEEN S. DURRELL



MISS REIMER

The supporting note in our Glee Club whose loyalty and interest have left memorable impressions.



MRS. FERGUSSON

A tower of strength and an inspiration who furnished us with the confidence we needed to see us through those unpredictable evenings.

Staff Nurses and Instructresses



Front—J. Gordon, A. Nickel, Mrs. Braun, E. Shepperd, S. Anderson, Mrs. Patrick, H. Manson E. Graham.

Second—E. Johnson, Greenway, B. Seaman, N. Kjarsgard, D. Hibbert, E. Turner, R. Fleishman, D. Rutherford, J. McQuoid.

Third—G. Bedford, G. Hunter, M. Campbell, I. Cooper, A. Aikman, E. Sigurdson, M. Yassack, W. Rice, Foster.

Standing—H. Adams, Mrs. McFadzean, Mrs. Stouten, H. Smith, L. Measner, E. Henderson, I. Hunter, A. Chalmers, Mrs. Ferguson, E. Johnson, Mrs. Whitehead, E. Sigmundson, Einarson, Young, Mrs. Wright.

The Infirmary Staff

Our sneezes, coughs and even our pains quickly disappeared under their cheerful management and competent care



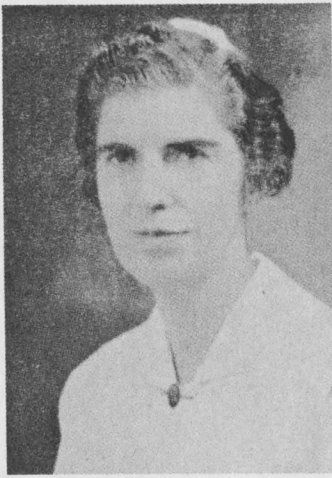
MISS ANDERSON



MISS COOPER



MISS BEDFORD



Best Wishes, 1950 Graduates

May you find success and much happiness wherever life's pathways may lead you and may your school, your profession, your alumnae and the friendships you have made throughout your training days mean more and more to you in the coming years.

Congratulations and best wishes always.

Sincerely,

MARY SHEPHERD

Superintendent of Nurses
Winnipeg Municipal Hospitals

*"A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich.
A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong.
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense of
service which thou renderest."*

Congratulations to the Graduating Class

The Children's Hospital has enjoyed the association with you and the privilege of contributing in some measure to your professional growth.

May you go forth accepting the responsibilities of your profession which in the words of one nursing leader:

"Is to be inspired to work for the common good of all people and to make the maximum effort toward creating a more charitable and peaceful world."

To each young graduate I wish a life time of happiness and achievement after the fashion of your most cherished dreams.

KATHLEEN RUANE, R.N.
Superintendent of Nurses.



Staff Doctors



Front—Drs. Klass; Pincock; Kitchen; Thorlakson; Cameron; Allison; Nickolson; E. Black; Hillsman.

Second—Drs. McPherson; Schoemperlen; Beamish; Alexander; Scott; C. B. Stewart; L. Cherniak; Gemmell; Houston; Mathewson.

Back—Drs. Doupe; C. Walton; Pickard; Clark; Lederman; Penner; Best; Trueman; Lyons; Goodwin; Burns.

MRS. J. MORDEN

We are indeed grateful for her kindness, understanding, and ambitious desire to make our residence a home.



The Long and Short of 1950

MISS BEAMAN

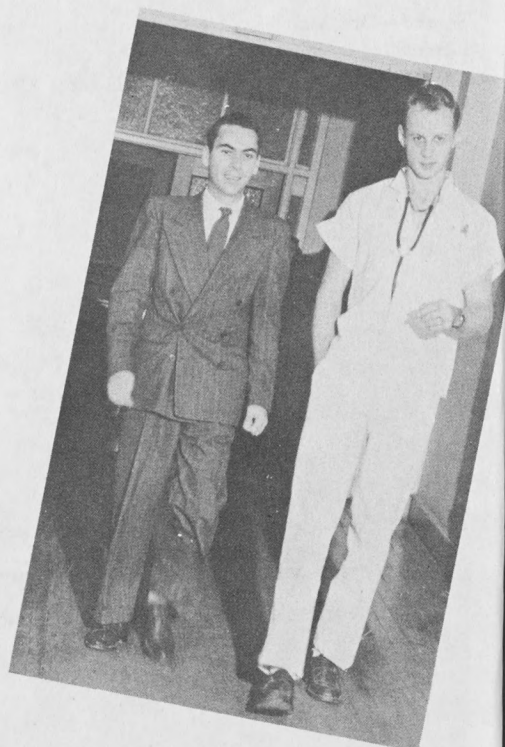
MISS TULMAN



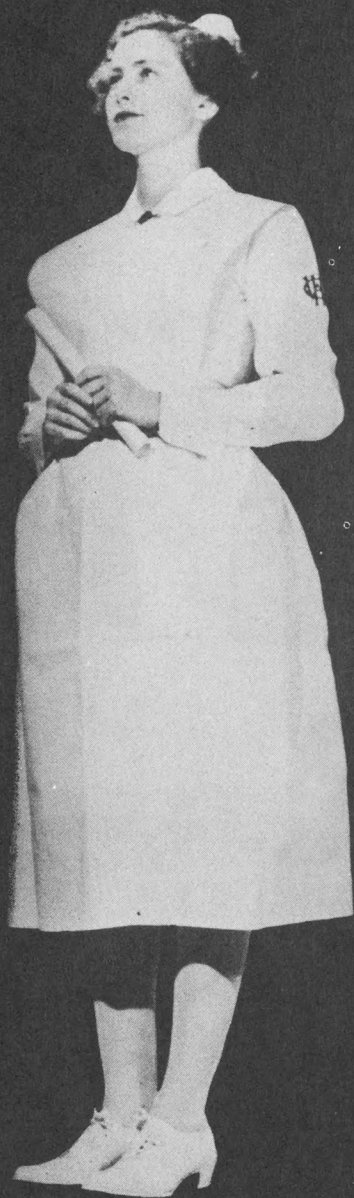
... and the Long and Short of Medicine

DR. ROSS

DR. POLSON



graduation



1950 GRADS



ROBERTA ALCORN

MELVILLE, SASK.

Bobby is a tall, dark, languid creature whose principal pastime is commenting on the merits of Saskatchewan.

However her slow drawl and capable manner have almost convinced her friends that it can't be such a bad place after all.



SOPHIE ARNGRIMSON

MOZART, SASK.

Often heard warbling soft "goolie" refrains around the home.

She's so conscientious she has all her treatments done before they're ordered.

Always said she'd give her right arm to be able to dance—and did!



EUNICE BASTABLE

BRANDON, MAN.

Talk about drive, when Eunice decides to write a letter, she even has her own writing paper. Spent many hours polishing up the Glee Club to shine for its Twenty Fifth Anniversary. A collector of medals.

JEAN BEAMAN

UNITY, SASK.

This transformed streak of energy is always "hep to go" and is usually caught in the act. Noted for attentiveness in class. Seriously, Jean is one of these girls who willingly does all the hard work—and absolutely refuses to take any credit.

EVELYN BLEAKNEY

REVELSTOKE, B.C.

Known to all as "Our Ev"; a happy-go-lucky individual with lots of pep and enthusiasm—She loves nursing! Heard each morning, "You can't fool me. It isn't six o'clock yet." Enjoys knitting and reading.

KAY BLOWERS

RIDING MOUNTAIN, MAN.

Within this quiet sanctuary lies a bubbling well of wit. Her future lies in the distance—any direction. Full of dreams but dependable.

Uses her bandage scissors for crew cuts with good results.



GLORIA BOWER

THE PAS, MAN.

Renowned for her ravishing hair styles and cynical sense of humor.

A typical minister's daughter — (sure had us fooled).

Enjoys good books, music and nursing. Ambition to go to England. Favorite saying, "We're going to be late for class. Why hurry?"



HAZEL BRANDER

NESBITT, MAN.

Insists that her hair isn't red, it just rusts when she washes it

Cornflakes in your bed?

Coffee in your tea? Hazel is 50A's own little practical joker. It's a major operation to get her up in the morning.



ALMA BRYCE


WINNIPEG, MAN.

Enthusiastic and efficient—that's A.K.B. A quiet, friendly personality, plus a sense of humor make her popular among classmates and patients. Favorite original expression during her trying moments, "Oh for the love of Mary June!"

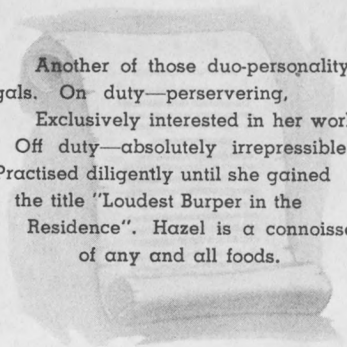
1950 GRADS

HAZEL BURNETT

ROLAND, MAN.




Another of those duo-personality gals. On duty—perservering, Exclusively interested in her work. Off duty—absolutely irrepressible. Practised diligently until she gained the title "Loudest Burper in the Residence". Hazel is a connoisseur of any and all foods.

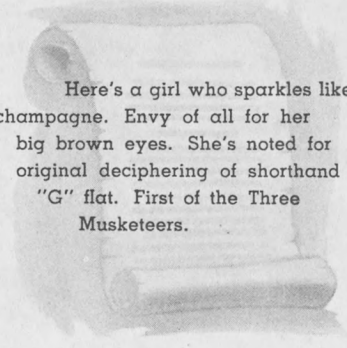


CELIA CARRUTHERS

WINNIPEG, MAN.




Here's a girl who sparkles like champagne. Envy of all for her big brown eyes. She's noted for original deciphering of shorthand on "G" flat. First of the Three Musketeers.

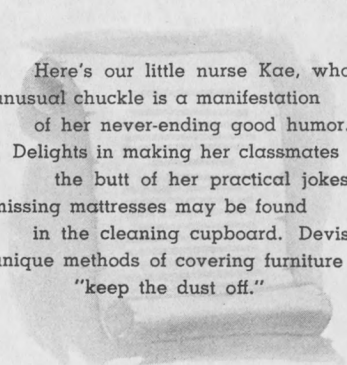


KATHLEEN COMBS

DELORAIN, MAN.



Here's our little nurse Kae, whose unusual chuckle is a manifestation of her never-ending good humor. Delights in making her classmates the butt of her practical jokes—missing mattresses may be found in the cleaning cupboard. Devises unique methods of covering furniture to "keep the dust off."



1950 GRADS



LOUISE CULLEN

STOCKTON, MAN.

A firm believer that "Life gets teedjus, don't it?" Swished through her O.R. training wearing Seven League (rubber) boots—dazed at the number of sterilizers that overflowed on her shift.

BLANCHE CUNNINGHAM

WINNIPEG, MAN.

Eyes to put a spaniel to shame—sparkling wit and sense of humor that can't be beat—dashing personality, always dashing somewhere—Crazy about nursing but refuses to give people that impression—All these combine to make our Student Council President a popular class leader.



ELIZABETH DAYTON

VANCOUVER, B.C.

She's always bustling about trying to "get things done up", but is anxious to help anybody in need. Betty is a talented seamstress—and has an interesting past with the C.W.A.C. overseas. Favorite pastime—Going out for a cup of coffee.



KATHLEEN DEMCOE

WINNIPEG, MAN.

Knitter supreme! Have you seen the latest pair of socks? How she can generate so much spark and be so professional is a question to which only Cathie has the answer.

VIVIAN ELLERBY

WINNIPEG, MAN.

Fumin', fussin', and a'feudin' to make sure all work is completed. Outstanding tennis player—uses her eye instead of the racket. Always taking malnourished classmates home for meals.

VIVI-ANN FISHER

YORKTON, SASK.

We're the proud possessors of the M.S.N.A. President. No matter where Viv goes she runs into one of her Yorkton fans.—She doesn't really intend to frighten anyone, but those frequent outbursts of mirth are rather startling. Really popular—bursting with vitality, personality, and oomph!

1950 GRADS



IRENE FRASER

HAMIOTA, MAN.

Here's our "Solid Citizen"! Irene is strictly original, a sports enthusiast, and the most practical gal alive. That irresistible sense of humor frequently brightens our trying moments.

MARY GARDINER

CLEARWATER, MAN.

Combine a quiet wit and restful personality, and you have our Mary. Perseverance plus—tries anything twice, including training. The trickiest crochetter in the class.



KAE GOVIER

CRYSTAL CITY, MAN.

1950 A's night hawk. How she accomplishes so much on so little sleep is amazing. Does she forget to leave herself a note to remind her to go to bed? Constant query—"What'll I wear?"





PAT GOVIER

CRYSTAL CITY, MAN

1950 A's Rip Van Winkle, never needs a note to remind her to go to bed. Will power minus, when it comes to deserting Room 101. Ambition—flying.



JEAN GRABOWSKI

STONEWALL, MAN.

Ever see that worried look on Jean's face? She's still trying to figure out the difference between one-sixth and one-quarter. Though not inclined toward arithmetic, she still has lots "on the ball".



LUCILLE GRABOWSKI

STONEWALL, MAN.

"Bunny" spent twelve weeks on the Mat. trying to master the art of carrying eight bed-pans at once. Frequently exclaims—"Omigosh!" Ambition—to gain at least one pound. Extracurricular activities—baseball, skating, tennis and catching that Beaver Bus home.



JOYCE GRIEVE

SHOAL LAKE, MAN.

Here's the exception to prove the rule that "good things come in small packages", "Jerce" is the girl with the effervescent personality. She's an obstetrician with a medal to prove it.

Favorite haunts—Room 101 and the tennis courts.



DOROTHY GRUENKE

EMERSON, MAN.

Not a noisy girl, our Dot, but her quiet voice always manages to draw an interested audience. She

has one fiendish passion, however—horses—and may frequently be caught hitting unsuspecting classmates over the head and dragging them

into her room to see her collection of pictures and ornaments.



PEARL HARGREAVES

ST. JAMES, MAN.

A very feminine young lady with lots of dash and go (to the mailbox). Pearl is really quiet and reserved—hence her favorite expression "I don't know what you're going to do, but I'm going to bed."

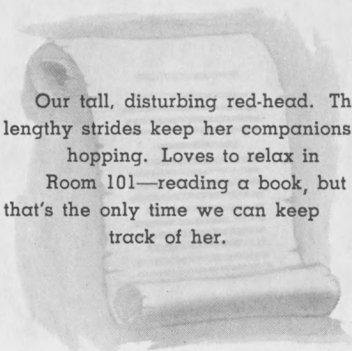
1950 GRADS



AUDREY HAVERSTICK

DOMAIN, MAN.

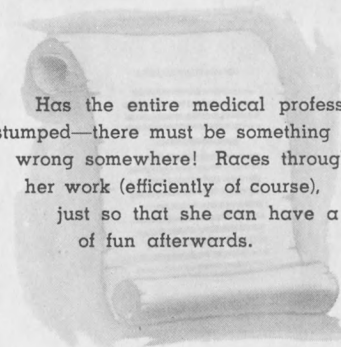
Our tall, disturbing red-head. Those lengthy strides keep her companions hopping. Loves to relax in Room 101—reading a book, but that's the only time we can keep track of her.



CONSTANCE HAY

VISTA, MAN.

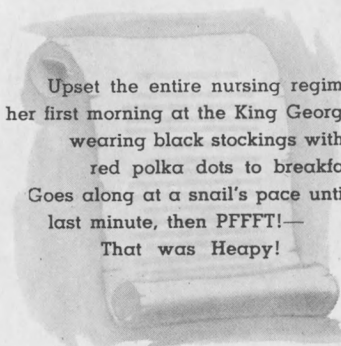
Has the entire medical profession stumped—there must be something wrong somewhere! Races through her work (efficiently of course), just so that she can have a lot of fun afterwards.



LOIS HEAPY

OAK LAKE, MAN.

Upset the entire nursing regime her first morning at the King George by wearing black stockings with red polka dots to breakfast. Goes along at a snail's pace until the last minute, then PFFFT!—That was Heapy!



1950 GRADS



DOROTHY HENDRICKSON

SELKIRK, MAN.

Possesses the most decisive, emphatic, original vocabulary in the class. Tried to admit a poor unsuspecting attendant to Psycho.

We always know what "Henry" is doing on her day off—jumping on the bus headed for "Goolie" town.



THELMA HOLSTROM

KENORA, ONT.

This little bundle of energy is always either off on a "terrific" overnight at Kenora, or furthering her midwifery training by single-handed delivery of babies. Main Problem—Locating the telephone on Obs.



LILIA ISFELD

GIMLI, MAN.

Here is the originator of the Tonic Crusade. The only nurse in the class who tastes medications before administering them—with surprising results. Hobby Bargain hunting.

1950 GRADS



SHIRLEY JENKINS

SHOAL LAKE, MAN.

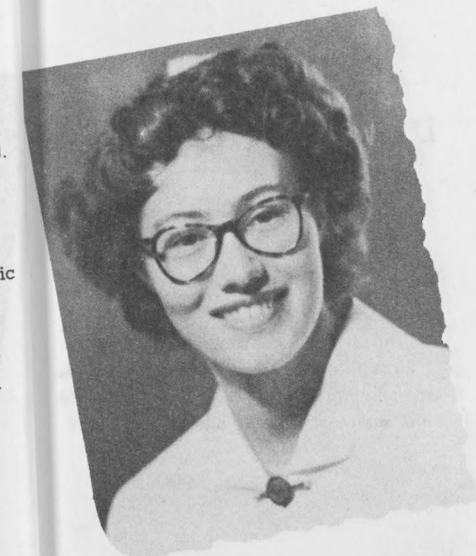
Affectionately known to us as "It"
—Shirl loves buzzers but hates alarms.
She was one of those choice few
who "floated" during her training
and hopes to take it up again
with T.C.A. Recent bulletin—has
transferred her affections to
Public Health.



LOUISE JOHANSON

LANGRUTH, MAN.

Take a subtle sense of humor,
add a dash of laughter, mix well
with cute looks, sunny
disposition, a little
deviltry and that gives you Jo.
Gets W.G.H. out of her system on
O.N.'s to Langruth.



LOIS JOYCE

ESTEVAN, SASK.

Has an unquenchable thirst for, and
a never ending supply of classical
literature—but also—an everending
supply of money. Developed
a speech impediment while at
Psycho. Famous for her rendition
of Twelfth Street Rag.

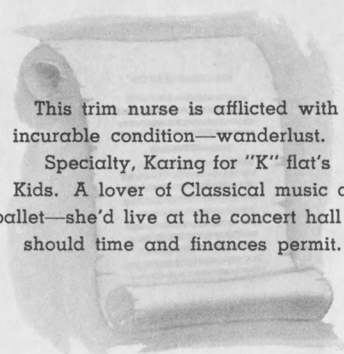


CATHARINE KAMAD

KENORA, ONT.

This trim nurse is afflicted with an incurable condition—wanderlust.

Specialty, Karing for "K" flat's Kids. A lover of Classical music and ballet—she'd live at the concert hall should time and finances permit.

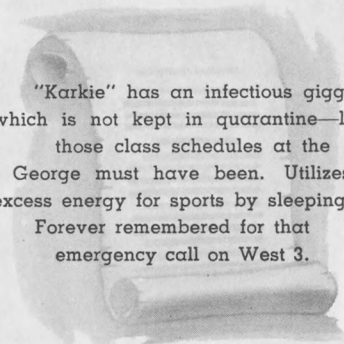


LOUISE KARKLIN

POINTE DU BOIS, MAN.

"Karkie" has an infectious giggle which is not kept in quarantine—like those class schedules at the George must have been. Utilizes excess energy for sports by sleeping.

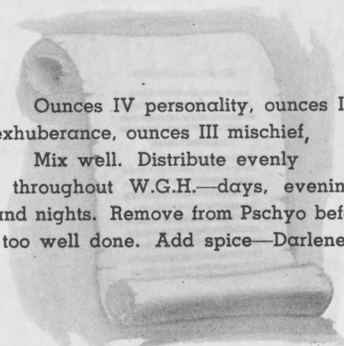
Forever remembered for that emergency call on West 3.



DARLENE KING

QUILL LAKE, SASK.


Ounces IV personality, ounces II exuberance, ounces III mischief, Mix well. Distribute evenly throughout W.G.H.—days, evenings, and nights. Remove from Pschyo before too well done. Add spice—Darlene!!



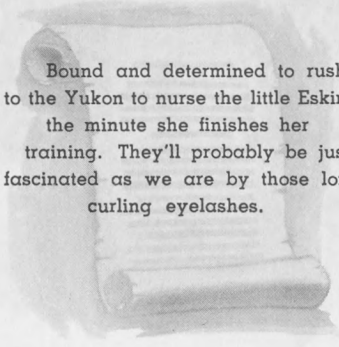
1950 GRADS

PATRICIA LANGTRY

STONEWALL, MAN.




Bound and determined to rush up to the Yukon to nurse the little Eskimos the minute she finishes her training. They'll probably be just as fascinated as we are by those long curling eyelashes.

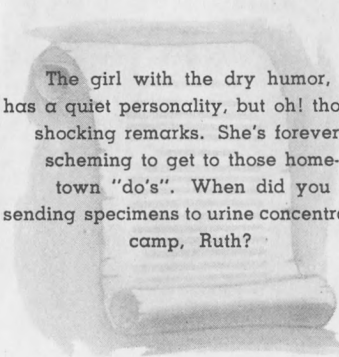


RUTH LANGTRY

CARMAN, MAN.




The girl with the dry humor, who has a quiet personality, but oh! those shocking remarks. She's forever scheming to get to those hometown "do's". When did you start sending specimens to urine concentration camp, Ruth?

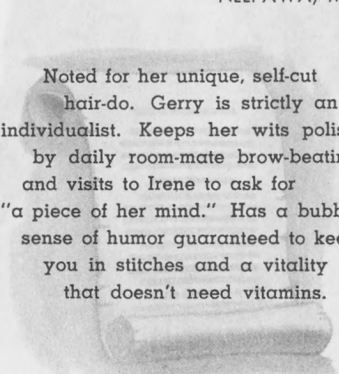


GERALDINE LAWSON

NEEPAWA, MAN.



Noted for her unique, self-cut hair-do. Gerry is strictly an individualist. Keeps her wits polished by daily room-mate brow-beating and visits to Irene to ask for "a piece of her mind." Has a bubbling sense of humor guaranteed to keep you in stitches and a vitality that doesn't need vitamins.



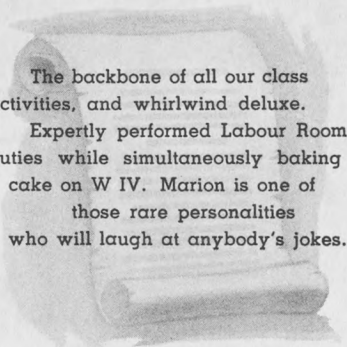


MARION LESLIE

HOLLAND, MAN.

The backbone of all our class activities, and whirlwind deluxe.

Expertly performed Labour Room duties while simultaneously baking a cake on W IV. Marion is one of those rare personalities who will laugh at anybody's jokes.

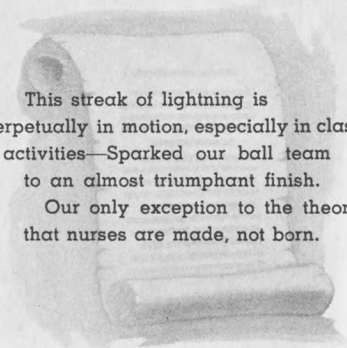


MARGARET LORD

WINNIPEG, MAN.

This streak of lightning is perpetually in motion, especially in class activities—Sparked our ball team to an almost triumphant finish.

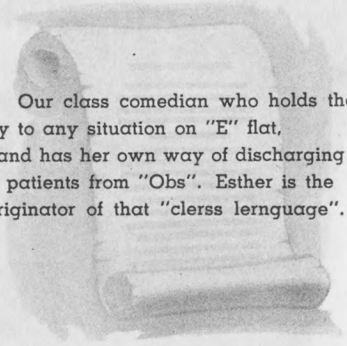
Our only exception to the theory that nurses are made, not born.



ESTHER LUDWIG

WINNIPEG, MAN.

Our class comedian who holds the key to any situation on "E" flat, and has her own way of discharging patients from "Obs". Esther is the originator of that "clerss lernguage".

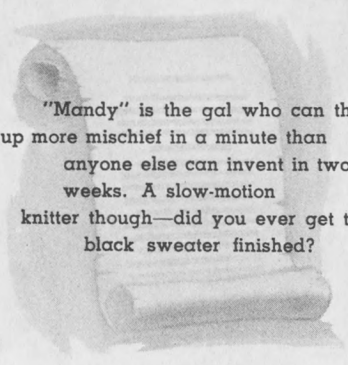


1950 GRADS



JEAN MANDZUK

SWAN RIVER, MAN.

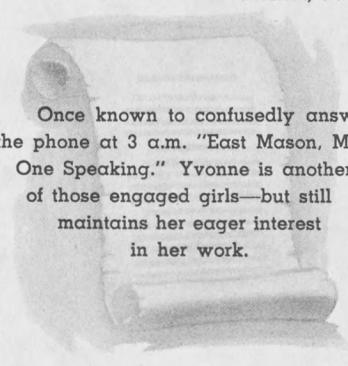


"Mandy" is the gal who can think up more mischief in a minute than anyone else can invent in two weeks. A slow-motion knitter though—did you ever get that black sweater finished?



YVONNE MASON

MELITA, MAN.

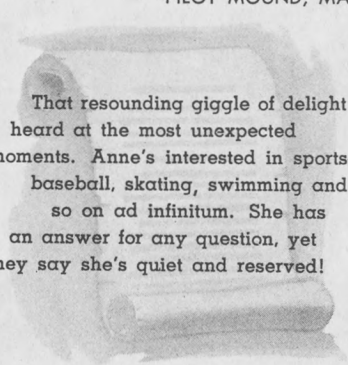


Once known to confusedly answer the phone at 3 a.m. "East Mason, Miss One Speaking." Yvonne is another of those engaged girls—but still maintains her eager interest in her work.



ANNE McLEAN

PILOT MOUND, MAN.



That resounding giggle of delight is heard at the most unexpected moments. Anne's interested in sports—baseball, skating, swimming and so on ad infinitum. She has an answer for any question, yet they say she's quiet and reserved!

1950 GRADS



FRANCES McDERMAID
INDIAN HEAD, SASK.

"Susie" can move fast once she's awake—remember those homers that brought our team into the finals? However, when not off to Stonewall or a show—she's sleeping. Other pastimes—eating.



MERLE McLEOD
DOMINION CITY, MAN.

Tall, dark and rambunctious. Beware—you'll get an unexpected poke from her elbow when that boisterous laughter explodes. Merle is gifted with a fine singing voice and a striking appearance.



SHEILA McPHEDRAN
WINNIPEG, MAN.

Here's a girl in the wrong profession—she should have been on the stage. We stand in open-mouthed amazement watching her antics. She's a Scotch lass, and the second of the three musketeers.



DULCIE MELLISH

WINNIPEG, MAN.

"Warm in the glorious
interest you pursue,
And, in one word, a good
nurse and a true."

Dulcie is immaculate, and we seldom
see her ruffled, but—she'll probably
never know just what little
gremlin comes sneaking in to click
off the alarm and leave her to sleep in.

NORMA MEREDITH

WINNIPEG, MAN.



She's blond, she's Icelandic,
she's engaged—but ever willing to
dig in and help where needed. Seems
to prefer home life to
residence living and her
favorite method of transportation is
biking. Norma is another of
those notorious practical jokers.



LOIS MILLER

NINGA, MAN.

Lives in constant fear that those
buzzes might be for her roommate.

"Lo" is pretty, vivacious and dresses
tastefully. She makes
friends easily and keeps them.



ELIZABETH MULLIN
SWAN RIVER, MAN.

The most unforgettable character we've met. Betty's a country lass with an incurable sense of humor—and sets the corridors a-vibrating with her vocal renditions of the hit parade. Noted for ingenious methods of handling emergencies.



CLAIRE MURRAY
HOLLAND, MAN.

Has a one track mind which runs along telephone wires— Likes nursing, but at 7 p.m. it's "say, let's get goin', Kids!" Famous for her frying pan and parcels from home.



NORMA NICKEL
WINNIPEG, MAN.

Although illness caused extended vacations, Norma's still up with the crowd. She has an answer for everything except the difference between an ounce and a dram— A miniature Whirlwind on or off duty.

IVY NORRINGTON

WINNIPEG, MAN.

"Nightingale of the airways"—her
gags leave you just as speechless.

Radiates personality from
the fourth floor clear to the
basement. Is seriously thinking of
writing a sequel to

"The Woman You Want to Be."

SYBIL ORR

FORT SAN, SASK.

Meet the only person we know who
can work until noon with her eyes
shut. Whenever she goes out,

leaves a long line
of clothes behind—a goldmine for
desperate apparel-seekers. Sole
ambition—to have a garret with a
northern exposure

ELAINE PATTERSON

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE, MAN.

Mistress Superior of the Tonsorial
art and chooses the nearest classmate
as her victim. She's sweet and
innocent on the exterior,
but just a practical joker at heart.
Pastime—PORTAGE.



JOYCE PATTERSON

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE, MAN.

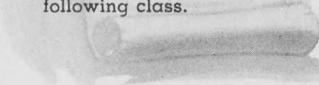
Has her own recipe for chocolate drinks—sour surprises for supervisors! That casual exterior belies a vibrant personality. Joyce loves hitch-hiking to Portage and back, but does she really think she can do it in hours off duty?



RUTH PEEL

WINNIPEG, MAN.

"A maid demure is Irish,
with modest grace,
A ray of sunshine on her face."
What would N.C.F. do without Ruth?—
we don't know. No matter what sport you enjoy R. P. shares your enthusiasm. We have never yet discovered how she can reach that telephone so quickly following class.



MARGARET RAY

DAUPHIN, MAN.

Marg. is the hair dresser of our class. Spends an occasional quiet evening at the residence giving "Toni's".

A little journalism, sewing and music are also among her attributes. An ardent Neepawa fan, Marg's pet peeve is living in Dauphin now.



ELIZABETH REID

ST. VITAL, MAN.

Liz is a perfectionist at heart—
after three years in training, she
still rates 100% in room inspection
and still voices opinions
in printable English. Ambition
—to have her own pediatric ward.

DEIDRA RICHARD

WINNIPEG, MAN.

Our vivacious French lass, who has
enough energy
to fill a twenty-six hour day. A
great lover of classical music and
literature, Dee is famous for her
bathtub serenades— and is always
eager to lift our spirits with a cheery
song or a tune on the piano.

JOYCE RICHARDS

CARTWRIGHT, MAN.

"Out of pride and scorn and sadness,
Give me laughter, give me gladness."
Joyce spontaneously sees the
humor of any situation, but
"K" flat had her baffled. "How", says
she, "can such cherubs be
transformed at the turn of my back."



BETTY ROBINSON

WINNIPEG, MAN.

A calm, self assured, sympathetic nurse. In spite of these attributes Bette gets herself into more embarrassing situations than anyone in the class. She can speak her mind—vehemently—and will take any dare. Bette is our very capable Glee Club president.



WINONA ROOKE

NEEPAWA, MAN.

Hear that laugh? See that hair? That's our gal, full of life and laughter. Behind that devil-may-care attitude, you'll find a twinkle in her eye and a great zest for everything going. Win can usually be found doing everything everyone else does—and then some.

Favorite expression—"Just eight months, twenty-four days—Yahoo!!"



HELEN SAUL

FLIN FLON, MAN.

Has her own system of filing specimens in O.P.D.'s lab—nobody understands it but Saul. She intends to take a P.G. in Obstetrics, Pediatrics, and Flin Flon.



JUNE SCOLLIE

FORT WILLIAM, ONT.

With one baby tucked under each arm, and feeding a third, Scollie reigns in the nursery. Our trustful (she kept the money) gift to the student council. Favorite expression—"Got a book I can borrow?"

DOREEN SIGURDSON

WINNIPEG, MAN.

Converses at lightning speed until she's quite dsypnoic. Our popular class president has a suggestion to solve any difficulty—example, "The sure way to rid the residence of a prowler is to stun him with a coke bottle."



EVELYN SOUTHGATE

BATTLEFORD, SASK.

Ev. hails from 'way out west! Those big brown eyes and that tactful manner makes her a favorite among patients. She has a reserved spot on the mail list. Never hurries down to prayers, but when she comes off duty—watch out!



HELEN STACY

STURGEON CREEK, MAN.

Our mighty mite one night captured the night-watchman on "K" flat by throwing a pillow slip over his head—and hasn't quite recovered her composure yet. Stace's secret desire is long, thick, blond hair, but we love her the way she is.



SALLY STANKO

ASHVILLE, MAN.

Brow-eyed and sparkling—"Say-say-say." Has a handy bilingual advantage over the rest of us. Ambition—to travel. Nothing short of perfection meets her approval on wards. Her antics are a constant source of amusement, around and about.



AVIS STEVENS

WINNIPEG, MAN.

One of the sweetest girls we know. Avis remains unchanged in spite of a notorious partnership—she has a mind of her own. An enthusiastic sportswoman and the blond one-third of the three musketeers.

1950 GRADS

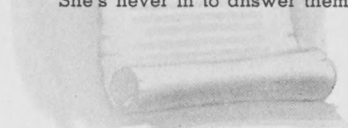


GERTRUDE STEVENSON

MORRIS, MAN.

Our gay redhead has never been seen down in the dumps—always ready with that infectious smile and eager to do "something exciting tonight." Trudy's phone calls keep her room-mate busy.

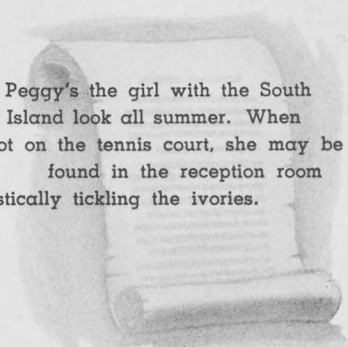
She's never in to answer them.



MARGARET THOMPSON

RIVERTON, MAN.

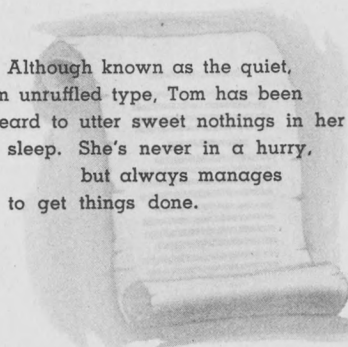
Peggy's the girl with the South Sea Island look all summer. When not on the tennis court, she may be found in the reception room artistically tickling the ivories.



LILLIAN TOMLINSON

MINNEDOSA, MAN.

Although known as the quiet, calm unruffled type, Tom has been heard to utter sweet nothings in her sleep. She's never in a hurry, but always manages to get things done.



1950 GRADS



ELAINE TULMAN

PREECEVILLE, SASK.

Here's a character Gulliver overlooked—now you see her, now you don't. She's our obstetrical operator—once found in a scrub nurses dilemma—can't seem to determine the correct time for wearing her scrub cap.

RUTH WELLS

SWIFT CURRENT, SASK.

This unsung 49-A and 49-B'er is now triumphant in 50-A. She had a gay time collecting second-hand cokes while night float. Hobby—creating dummies out of bed clothes.

VERA WARD

WINNIPEG, MAN.

You've heard of vitality, sparkle, vivacity? Well, we're sure you've never seen them all wrapped up in such a cute little bundle before. She's attempted dieting seriously—but couldn't be more pleasingly plump.



MAY WICKS

ESTEVAN, SASK.

One of our smallest classmates,
but she uses just as many late
leaves as the "bigger fellas",
Twinkling green eyes
make her a favorite with patients.
Favorite expression—
"Don't call me Red."

BERYTH WOOD

MELITA, MAN.



A midnight prowler at heart,
Beryth stalks the corridor at night
when she's days, and in the day
when she's nights.
That uncontrollably curly red hair
is the envy of all her classmates.

MARGUERITE WOSTER

WINNIPEG, MAN.



Marg. is the only girl in our class
who could keep perfect (?) technique
in the Operating Room—even while
clutching an intravenous pole.

However, she always
emerges undaunted from frequent
embarrassing situations. Famous
last words—"I'm going to get up
a petition against this!"

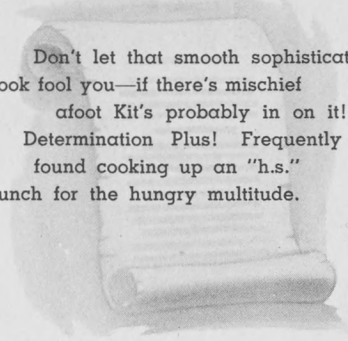
1950 GRADS



ELIZABETH KITTERINGHAM

GLADSTONE, MAN.

Don't let that smooth sophisticated look fool you—if there's mischief afoot Kit's probably in on it! Determination Plus! Frequently found cooking up an "h.s." lunch for the hungry multitude.



Brandon Affiliates

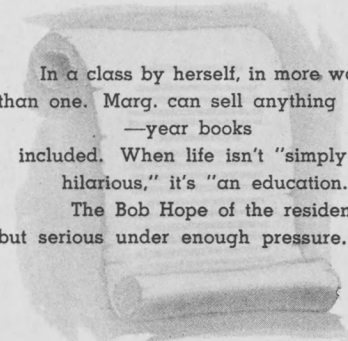


MARGARET PELCHER

BRANDON, MAN.

In a class by herself, in more ways than one. Marg. can sell anything —year books included. When life isn't "simply hilarious," it's "an education."

The Bob Hope of the residence, but serious under enough pressure.



Internes



Front—Drs. J. Menzies; J. Hughes; B. McLean; K. Thorlakson; R. Cherniak; D. Magee; E. East.
Back—Drs. M. Wood; H. Webb; D. Cruickshank; S. Campbell; F. Swartzlander; R. Davidson;
 J. McLean; T. Lolor; B. Zeavin, A. Rogers; M. Storrie; J. Judge; H. Young; G. Williams.

The Intern's Story

The first day is one of unspeakable horror. Conspicuous in whites, he walked in with exaggerated confidence twirling a stethoscope and carrying a pocket edition of Cecil's Text of Medicine. Everyone stares at our sanitary engineer with that well-groomed look. To the first nurse he bids a hearty "hello" and receives a professional "hello, are you ready for that thoracentesis?" Horror-stricken, he stammers, "Oh, yes, that thoracentesis, had it with me only half an hour ago. The senior then comes to his welcome rescue.

Then the training! Surgery produces Dianey's Animated Retractor. The Urology interne, looking for tips and only getting catheters and glares which he terms "Ice Foleys of 1950". The medicine man becomes an expert lab technician while psycho man can't get on the patients' chest, so just gets on his nerves. Then from Obstetrics emerges a star baby catcher.

For one day we feel that taste of importance until the internes suddenly realise that they know more than we do. Well it was a rare treat having them with us.

Jack Graham, Noble Irwin, Ken Duncan, Sandy Campbell and John Judge—see you next year at senior rotation.

Donna Cruickshank, Marie Storie, Helen Webb and Marcia Wood—Good examples of successful women.

John Maclean, John Moorehouse and John Knox—future pathology men.

Rod Davidson—Deer Lodge here I come.

Frank Swartzlander—Daddy's little helper.

Getchel Williams—Roll dem bones.

Fred Duval—distant fields look greener.

Terry Lalor—future en radio—short for radiology.

Hugh Young—Bouncing Baby Blues.

Ralph Levine—expert with figures—bio-physics of course.

Jack Rubin—partnership with the wife.

Arnold Rogers—Planning a canoe trip overseas.

Gordon Bermak—Service for the nervous.

George Johnson—Get out that shingle.

Bernard Zeavin—Eye can dream no matter how clear you are.

♦ ♦ ♦

There was a faith-healer of Deal
 Who said, "although pain isn't real,

If I sit on a pin

And it punctures my skin,
 I dislike what I fancy I feel."

A Matter of Plastic Surgery

As it has seemed to me that a treatise on reconstructive surgery is entirely out of place in an annual of this kind, I hope I will be forgiven for introducing a plastic surgical question in another fashion—by relating some incidents of my early contact with this subject during my years in India.

Our Maxilla-Facial Unit, by which large, important name we were then known, arrived in India during its hottest, driest season. The excitement of our first contact with the Far East buoyed us up through the first week or ten days, during which time we were in Bombay and the plains town of Bareilly, but by the end of that period, we were so dry and exhausted that we were overjoyed to get our posting to the hill station of Ranikhet, in the foothills of the Himalaya Mountains. Here we were to spend one full year.

We arrived after a long car trip up the precipitous roads, which were considered one of the world's engineering achievements, and were all prepared to settle down to a well earned rest, but such was not to be. Two hours after we started to unpack our surgical equipment, we received a message to be prepared to operate on our first casualty. This turned out to be a civilian patient, brought in from the local contunment. She had, it appeared, been in some manner unfaithful to her husband, where-with he, in the manner of the tribes, had seized his kukri and severed her nose and upper lip from the rest of her face. This, then, was our patient arriving with her nose in her hand, in anticipation that we might wish to use it in our repair. The Chief and I had both studied rhinoplasty under the name of the Indian flap method, but had not until this time realized why it was so called. It may be of interest to know that the result in our repair was more than we might have expected, and the patient became one of the proudest women in the contunment.

This interesting hill tribe custom, we found, was a general means of insult to your enemy as well as punishment to your unfaithful wife. Among those I later treated for the same condition, were a number of N.C.O. officers who had for some reason or other, incurred the displeasure of their troops and were set upon in the dark of night, to be so disfigured. These men were among our most forbearing and thankful patients, as the mere thought of having to go through

life without a nose, frightened them into accepting any type or any length of treatment. It was interesting, at times, to find out how widespread the practice was carried out. At one time I had to take a week's trip into a native state to start repair on a number of babies suffering from the late stages of cancrum oris. In the same hospital, on being shown around, I came across no less than five women awaiting treatment for the repair of loss of nose. This, I found out, was not considered a large number to be in hospital at one time.

An odd point was, that although the method of repair still widely used was, as I have said originated in India, knowledge of its manner of use seems to have been lost in that country and is now being re-introduced by the British.

I had an interesting experience during my stay in Ranikhet, of being made supervisor of the contunment, or civilian Indian hospital, along with which I was sanitary officer for the district. As a helper I was given an Indian babu, or clerk, whose great delight was to write insulting messages to different supervisors in the district, which he then brought to me to sign. I signed these for a time as they seemed to pretty well cover what I felt, but it was not always without misgivings, when a little later we had sent to us a British judge of one of the Indian courts, who had been attacked and only just saved himself from losing his nose for no more than giving evidence against the kinsman of one of the mountain tribes. However, I managed to leave Ranikhet without being so insulted.

Having now reached the end of my allotted space, I'm not sure just what message I may have gotten across to a young graduating class. Possibly it may have aroused in some of you a desire to travel and see these things for yourselves. Possibly it may have done no more than have warned you that while faithfulness in your future affairs may not always bring its just reward, unfaithfulness is a matter to be guarded against.

DR. PICARD, M.D.

♦ ♦ ♦

A microbe swimming along a vein, came face to face with another microbe who looked extremely ill.

"What's the matter with you, my poor friend?" he asked.

"Oh, don't come near me!" the other replied, "I'm afraid I've caught a little penicillin!"



C O N G R A T U L A T I O N S

The BAY is happy to extend hearty congratulations to graduating nurses at General Hospital. Years of hard work and study have now come to fruition . . . you stand on the threshold of a new and more interesting phase of your career. We know that you will find much happiness and satisfaction in this noble profession of dedicating your lives to the serving of humanity.

Hudson's Bay Company.

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NIGHT SHIFT

I will not say that I adore
My mate's unmitigated snore,
But I'll admit that I have found
I'm lonely when it's not around.

I lie awake and miss her when
Her bed is smooth and quiet. Then
It's crystal-clear my heart elects
Insomnia with sound effects!

==

The more you study, the more you know,
The more you know, the more you have to
forget,

So,—why study?

The less you study, the less you know,
The less you know, the less you have to
forget,

So,—why study?

==

Dust is mud with the juice squeezed out.

==

Ma—"The baby has swallowed the match-
es. What shall I do?"

Pa—"Use my lighter."

==

— Irate Customer—"Here, look what you
did?"

Laundryman—"I can't see anything wrong
with that lace."

Customer—"Lace! That was a sheet."

==

Doctor—"You're coughing easier this
morning."

Patient—"Yes, I've been practicing all
night."

==

Breathes there a nurse with soul so dead

Who never to herself hath said,

"Tomorrow morning I'll arise

Before the sun lights up the skies

I'll wind the clock so it will ring

Before the birds begin to sing;

It's strident bell will me awake—

An early morning walk I'll take."

And yet when at the early hour

The bell it rang with all its power,

Breathes there a nurse, I now repeat,

Who wouldn't throw it in the street,

And back into the bed then leap,

And with a sigh go off to sleep?



Margaret A. RAY

NO DOCTORS TODAY, THANK YOU

They tell me that euphoria is the feeling of feeling
wonderful, well, today I feel euphorian,
Today I have the agility of a Greek god and the appetite
of a Victorian.

Yes, today I may even go forth without my galoshes,
Today I am a swashbuckler, would anybody like me to
buckle my swashes?

This is my euphorian day.

I will ring welkins and before anybody answers I will
run away.

I will tame me a caribou

And bedeck it with marabou.

I will pen me my memoirs.

Ah youth, youth! What euphorian days them was!

I wasn't much of a hand for the boudoirs,

I was generally to be found where the food was.

Does anybody want any flotsam?

I've gotsam.

Does anybody want any jetsam?

I can getsam.

I can play chopsticks on the Wurlitzer,

I can speak Portuguese like a Bertlizer.

I can don or doff my shoes without tying or untying
the laces because I am wearing moccasins,

And I practically know the difference between serums
and antitoccasins.

Kind people don't think me purse-proud, don't set me
down as vainglorious;

I'm just a little euphorious.

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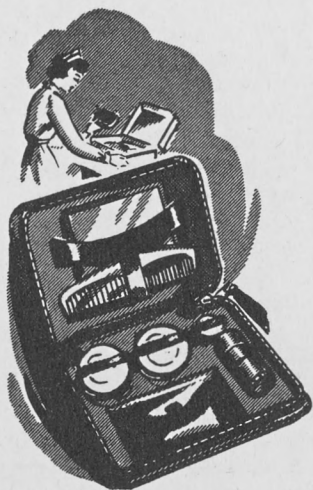
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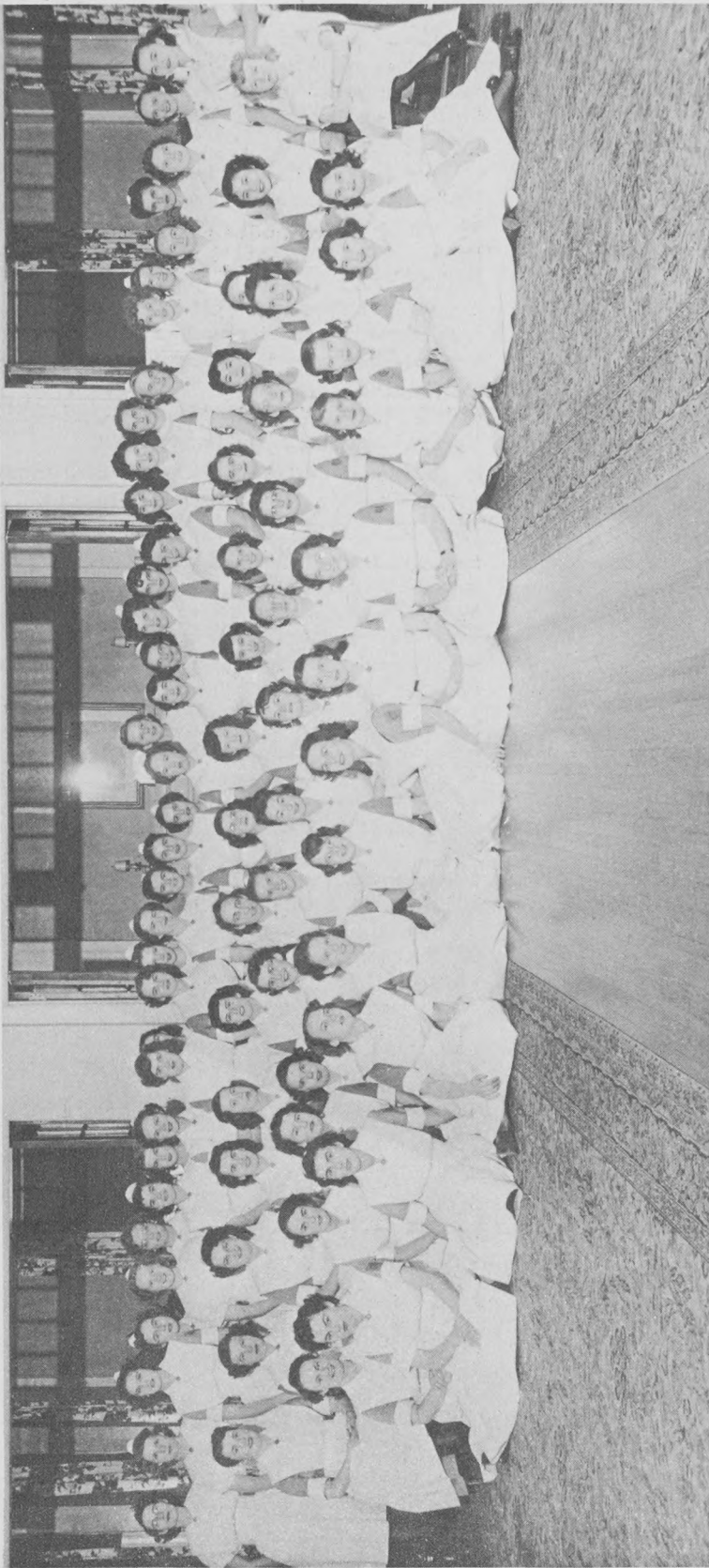


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'51-A - '51-B

Front row—J. Sinclair, S. Pyke, M. Black, G. Moody, J. Jonasson, P. Carmichael, S. Sigmar, S. Anderson, R. Cummings, J. Baldner, L. Burns, E. Clarke, E. Shewfelt, E. Trelor, P. McBride, O. Georgeson.

Second row—D. Mason, A. Solulski, S. Manhard, B. Marsland, P. Woods, C. Cosgrove, E. Davidowski, R. Hiam, D. Johanneson, F. Ramsay, V. Davidson, B. Wilson, J. McCowan, M. Maevorich, L. Brodie, G. Sargent, N. Wilson, H. Swanson, S. Pye-Finch, J. Toyama, J. Ripley, J. Beck, K. Kaita, S. Bleakley.

Back row—J. Bailey, J. Rice, D. Brown, J. Wood, S. Howard, B. Root, L. Unsworth, E. Einarson, H. Sigurdson, A. Yerex, B. Strain, J. Johnson, C. Sveinson, M. Mitchell, J. Webster, J. Fremming, Hodges, D. Lee, J. Sharper, S. Maciver, A. Goy, A. Simes, C. Harrison, S. Hurst, D. Cooper, R. George, M. Taylor, J. Mechako, C. Enns, H. Moore, G. Colleen, D. Westerland, K. Thompson, B. Griffin, P. Grimes.

1951A

Let's go on a tour through the Winnipeg General,
And meet the class of '51 A.

We'll see them doing everything

From assisting with fractures, to bandaging cuts.

On West One we find Burns and Trelor
Among the kellies, doing dressings galore.

On West Two and Three we have Marsland,

McCowan, Newsom and Preston

Running their feet off, getting the work done.

Changing babies and carrying many a tray,
We find Carruthers, Beck, Simes and Solvey.

On E and F where the work is tough

We have Maciver, and Manhard taking the guff.

On C flat with the nervous disorders

We find Cosgrove and Woods taking the orders.

In the J.D.R. doing nasal irrigations,

Is Hurst, with Clarke applying fomentations.

On J flat itself, where Sutter's admitting,

We find Overall doing all that is fitting.

In the Diet Kitchen on the ground floor,

Are Davidson and Duncan in culinary lore.

From there we pass through O.P.D.

To find Jonnason stitching a cut in casualty.

Those in the class who aren't mentioned here,

Are enjoying a day off, which we all love so dear.

Now we don't like to boast but of this we are sure,

When you want a remedy or even a cure

You can call on the class of '51 A

At the Winnipeg General and we'll shorten
your stay.

1951B

1951-B is so different from any other class at
the General as to deserve considerable mention. Our
reason for making this statement is obscure. But
here are our main characteristics—judge for
yourself.

We are really the most studious class that has
ever hit or ever will hit the W. G. H. At least one
hour was spent on each subject by every member of

the class on the eve of the exams. Some even studied
the five minutes before the exams. That is why we
made such terrific marks. After all, we only did
what '51-A said, "Oh, they're a cinch—don't
study."— —UGH!!

We don't fret because we have to stand in line
for the bathtub and other accessories—we go with-
out a bath. Nor do we complain of feet sore and
aching from calcaneus to distal phalange—our
room-mates do.

We voluntarily attend compulsory class and
mass meetings. Three classes on our day off we
entirely disregard—the thought not the classes.

We would not think of being seen with a run
in our beautiful black lisle stockings—nay—
(neither would we be seen without one).

Money is mediocre to us—in comparison to
sleep—aye, even this class succumbs to sleep.

Food never was of great significance but taken
merely in desperation to help hold off our old friends,
starvation, rickets, ulcers and acute anxiety states.
We don't like accepting the largest scoop of ice
cream and try to pan it off on our neighbor. Nor
do we dive for the cake plate and the largest morsel
but wait 'til all others at the table are appeased.

Tidiness is the bye word and code of the cor-
ridor of '51-B. Our rooms are a sight to behold!
We never forget to make our beds in the morning—
do we do it on purpose? Yes and no. The reason
is—it facilitates climbing in at night. Dressers are
dusted at least once a month on our bath night.
Box seat tickets are available at the nurses home
office for the occasion. Housecoats and uniforms
are hung up immediately on removal—never left
on chair or bed. Shoes, when discussed by the
Gallup Poll of the residence, were found to do best
on the window sill—outside. But not those of
'51-B.

We cancel our Saturday engagements just to be
able to work overtime.

Now don't you agree with us that 1951-B is the
best class that ever hit the W.G.H.?

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'52 A. *First Row*—left to right: M. Haig, E. Longstaffe, S. McNair, M. Hamer, S. Bilinsky, R. Anderson, J. Mowat, S. McDermaid, M. Harden, D. Broadfoot.
Second Row—left to right: A. Wilton, L. Chaiken, N. Ingimundson, E. Edmunds, D. Broughton, J. Jones, L. Kovalchuck, M. Badham, S. Weiss, P. Thompson, M. Ward, E. Thompson, E. Green, M. Aamodt, A. Schilling.
Third Row—left to right: P. Williams, J. Rea, A. Polley, C. Nichol, D. Siguardson, S. Price, E. Bridgenar.



'52-B. *Front Row*—left to right: H. Owens, F. Easy, J. Edwards, "Jo" Wright, N. Cummings, M. Sladek, J. McKenzie, A. Williams, G. Patzia, M. Steersman, M. Bell, M. Mulligan, V. Peckham, H. Liverton, H. Paxton, J McCulloch, R. Pow, A. Wood, I. Douglas, V. Suddaby, E. Lloyd.
Second Row—left to right: J. Stein, J. Johnson, L. A. Schoenberger, F. Ross, E. Townsend, B. Bannister, D. Schwartz, M. Livingston, H. Rederson.
STAIRS—First Row: B. Patterson, J. Nitikman, C. Diamond, S. Harrison, R. Stewart, B. Broadfoot, L. McPhedarain, F. Lawson, B. Coughlin, B. Baischell, C. Heighton.
Second Row: E. James, K. Kimmel, M. Clokey, J. Cameron, M. Clark.

1952A

To be sung to the tune of "Five Foot-Two":

Full bed pans, garbage cans,
Sputum cups and specimens.
Has everybody seen our gang?
Shaving hair, p.p. care,
Nothing in the frigidaire.
Yes, everybody knows our gang!
Now, if your ever sick
Call us quick—'52 A.
We're on the beam, what a team!
Least that's what our patients say.
Up at dawn, days seem long,
Still we always carry on.
We're the A1 class of '52
(We girls in blue)
The A1 class of '52.

1952B

What of the Pro's?—well, we're learning!
Since September we have learned more things—!
Every subject has given us something—every contact has broadened our scope. Why, just the other day we were informed that we are highly intellectual.

With what eagerness we have attended each class, alert for the knowledge to be gleaned. During our History course we heard in awed silence the explanation of why we wear a bib. Health taught the extreme worth of rubbers, while in Drugs it became clear that an a.c. medication was given "so that it would get there first". Psychology's outstanding contribution was the thought that if your grandmother rode a hundred miles on a load of lumber it "taught her to stand on her own two feet". Even in Pharmacology someone in the back row wondered if chronic alcohol poisoning could be called "an overdosage of the drug". Nursing Arts classes, perhaps above all others, have made extensive additions to our general fund of information—the necessity for sterilizing your hands, of taking the mattress off the bed and shaking it periodically—we even found out one day who "the boys" are. One question, however, has remained unanswered; that of the blonde who woke for a moment during a nutrition class to enquire "You said vitamin E aids in reproduction, is that an advantage or a disadvantage?"

Being on wards has also proven very enlightening. One of us found that almost all your patients have elevated temps if you don't shake down the

thermometers, and it took only one day for another to learn just how an interne looks after you have soaked him with a basin of bath water. But it took G flat to prove the high degree of perfection we have reached in the art of balancing, when a modest maiden slipped to the floor of the big ward, landing with a full pan held high overhead, and not a drop lost.

What has meant most to us has been the discovery of how wonderfully human instructors can be, what friendly help and encouragement are forthcoming from seniors, and just how marvellous is that breed of humanity known as "patients". We felt keenly that we could do so little, that bed making was so negligible in the presence of suffering, only to learn how deep is the gratitude for the thorough back rub, the taut drawsheet, and the turned pillow.

Above all else, we have learned the worth of real fellowship, true friendships, and how very deeply we love our work.

He: Will you marry me?

She: No, but I'll always admire your taste.

Senior: "Did you ever take chloroform?"

Probe: "No, who teaches it?"

Instructor: "I believe you missed my class yesterday."

Student Nurse: "Why, no, I didn't. Not in the least."

Time—2:30a.m.

Scene—East 1

Confused night nurse answering the telephone:
"Miss 1, East Mason."



Good Heavens Nurse! I said
bandages NOT sandwiches . . .

Musical Notes

The Glee Club is a vital organ in the student body although its activities may be somewhat limited.

Complaints:

1. Atrophy of organ during exams.
2. Apathy and occasional periods of depression.

Present Illness—To fully understand this condition we must first study its functions:

1. Musical Tea in honor of North Dakota Glee Club.
2. Carol Service for the Alumnae.
3. Christmas Carols on wards.
4. Fireside Hour.
5. Festival.
6. Spring Concert.
7. Graduation Exercises.

Glee Clubitis is a rare disease affecting only those interested in music. Its symptoms appear periodically, once a week, and last two to three hours. Unlike most diseases, it produces relaxation, inspiration, and self-satisfaction. It is a local infection settling in vocal chords and the most predominant symptoms are majestic or nostalgic tones, sprightly or catchy rhythms with occasional

discords and frequent periods of dyspnea following an acute attack.

Systems—

Soprano—tone, clear and beautiful, sometimes lost in high 'C's'.
 Seconds—act as a median.
 Altos—good all told.

Past Illness—

No previous illnesses.

Family History—

Father Osborne—alive and well.
 Siblings—none in Winnipeg.

Personal History—

The origin of the disease dates back 25 years when it was first discovered and isolated by Stanley Osborne, the able director. It is believed to be caused by a virus which is contagious under favorable conditions. It is a chronic condition usually lasting 3 years.

Diagnosis—

A virus infection spread by direct contact.

Treatment—

Surgical removal of larynx.

Prognosis—

GOOD.

B. ROBINSON



GLEE CLUB

Back Row—left to right: S. Pike, G. Moody, J. Cameron, F. Lawson, M. Hull, G. Sigvaldson, C. Saunders, A. Nicholl, G. Haggland, J. Gregory, P. Thomson, D. Broughton, J. Connolly, E. Bridgeman.

Second Row: M. Lewis, H. McConnell, S. Howard, J. McLenaghan, B. Robinson, Mr. S. Osborne, Miss H. Reimer, J. Wood, M. Gardiner, E. Einarson, D. Brown.

Front Row: I. Elliot, A. Rogers, P. McBride, M. Hannan, S. Thomas, D. Jenson, J. McKenzie, H. Greene.

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The Manitoba Student Nurses Association

Once again it is time to pass along the word that the "M.S.N.A." is having a "most successful year". Things are continuing to move ahead as the students become more interested in backing the projects and good-will of the organization.

The year started well with reports from Miss McDiarmid, Mrs. Barton and Miss Patton on the Inter-world Nurses Convention held in Stockholm, Sweden, last spring. During the month of March, the current event meeting brought forth much applause when Miss Nix spoke to us.

The Sports Committee is to be congratulated on the swift pace they have kept up. First with the October weiner roast, then the skating party in that brisk December weather. The swimming at the Y.W.C.A. and the Sherbrook pools with instruction to help the splashers, the softball league last summer, (and by the way the Vic girls can be mighty proud of their triumphs for the rest of us certainly tried), all went toward making sports very prominent this year.

The Folk Dancing craze has also hit the nurses. January saw us dolled up in peasant skirts and blouses at the Children's Hospital reeling and squaring like "old-timers".

Originality flowed abundantly when the St. Boniface lent its auditorium for the "Home Talent Night". The Monologues, Music and New Songs were enjoyed by all.

Of course the most outstanding event took place in February when the Crystal Ballroom Suite lent its dignity to the capacity crowd at the formal "Winter Whirl". Yes, the girls all looked lovely!

"Tea Time Revelry", the purpose of which was to raise money for the Scholarship Fund, was held at the W.G.H. in March. With all the girls in the province working together, it was an outstanding success.

This year the Canadian Nurse Convention is to be held in Vancouver. Once again an M.S.N.A. representative will be sent to bring back fresh ideas for next year and to offer our contribution to the betterment of student nurses.

June winds up the year with a final Banquet and Dance and again the traditional President's bracelet will be passed along.

The M.S.N.A. is growing. This year we made contacts with the student nurses in India when we sent parcels of sweaters to them. Acquaintances in England were renewed when the six food parcels were sent overseas. We hope it will continue to grow and spread its good-will and be a guide and encouragement to all student nurses.

Ours is a great cause—one we must work for!

VIVI-ANN FISHER.

Dear Daughter

Dear Daughter,

To-day you graduate, and I feel that I also graduate. Today I look back over the last three years. Years during which I have spent many anxious, yes, heartsick hours. Hours when I have wondered if it was all worthwhile. Those were the times when I, powerless to help, have seen actual misery reflected in your face. Times when tiredness and discouragement looked out of your eyes. Letters we received which told, unknown to you, of heart-searing home-sickness. Oh no! A girl who chooses to be a nurse is not choosing an easy way of life. More than a few times your cheerfulness has been too exaggerated a trifle off key as it were.

Yes, I look back over three years. Bright times too, there were. The day when you girls got your caps—Weren't you "swish"—and wasn't I proud! Times when patients coming home to our town from the hospital told me of your kindness to them. Such nice things they said! Oh, yes, you denied it all and laughed at me! I grant you, some of it was flattery but I swallowed it all. Glad of any crumbs!

Came "quals"! Your letter—"I'll never make it this time. I did the best I could. I don't know another thing I'd want to do if they put me out of here". Came your phone call, "I made it!"

As time went on a shield seemed to grow around you. I was afraid, at first, that it was hardness or callousness, but I was learning too, all the while.

I saw your special friends. How loyal to you they were and you to them! A loyalty and love grown from seeing down into each other's souls and appreciating the real worth of friendship.

You graduate to-day, and what have you gained? You are no longer the girl of three years ago, but a woman. You now have a profession honored and respected by all. A profession which demands the best that you have to give and I know you have learned the joy which comes with the giving. You have unlimited opportunities for service. I've heard it said that no atheist ever wore a nurse's uniform. You've seen sickness, pain, death, sorrow and joy. You've been enriched by each experience. You have seen people at their worst and at their best. You've met and talked with men and women from every walk of life. You've endured criticism, sometimes unjust, and learned self-control.

To-day, I your mother, with mixed feelings of pride, humility and gratitude, knowing it has all been worthwhile, go to see you graduate. I see the fulfillment of your girlhood dreams shining in your classmates eyes and yours.

Oh, yes, I've been learning too! I've been probie, junior, intermediate, and senior along with you, and to-day—why of course—to-day I also graduate.

Love,
Mother.

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Nurses' Christian Fellowship

The Nurses Christian Fellowship of Canada was officially formed in 1941, and that same year a group was organized in the Winnipeg General Hospital. Since then a number of students have met once weekly to study the Word of God or to listen to the inspirational messages of visiting ministers or staff members.

This year marked a more definite affiliation with the Varsity Christian Fellowship. Our Group attended almost all their social gatherings, and we were hostesses at a Fireside Hour in the Residence in January. One hundred and Twenty-five enthusiastic and earnest University students and nurses attended this meeting.

Sponsor for the group this year has been Miss Barbara Murphy, one of our staff nurses, whose sincere interest has done much to encourage our fellowship and strengthen our faith.

In a study of the book of Mark we followed an outline in the publication "Discovering the Gospel of Mark". As we progressed in the study we realized how much there was still for us to learn about the life of Christ. Surely the fact that such a marvellous Lord could die for us is a challenge to Christian students to a life of active and sacrificial service for God.

R. PEEL

♦ ♦ ♦

No Friend

*No friend's a friend who tells me that another
friend's a foe*

*For, if another man is that, then I myself will know.
No friend's a friend who comes between a parent
and a child,*

*For friendship is the thing by which such things
are reconciled.*

*No friend's a friend who bids me hurt the man in
my employ,*

*Or breaks for him the friendly bond that he and I
enjoy.*

*No friend's a friend who makes me think the less of
my own land,*

*Who stands protected by the flag, yet smears it with
his hand.*

*No friends a friend who preaches hate or scatters
discontent,*

*In family, in neighborhood, that friendship should
prevent.*

*No friend's a friend unless to help in all his aim
send,*

For love is all that ever makes of any man a friend.

The Lost Souls

*Church bells pealed throughout the town
As the snowflakes tumbled down,
Heralding from Heaven's sphere
Peace and glory through the year—*

Harvesting contentment.

*Then predacious clouds crept on,
Pregnant with horror and pain,
Bringing from the Devil's tomb
Hatred, bitterness and doom,
Ravishing bereavement.*

*Now these persons, sick and down,
Left the debris of their town,
Looking with hope to western lands
For promised work for their hands—*

At last, Independence!

*Armed with courage, faith sublime,
Penniless, homeless children of Time,
Believing in goodness and Mankind
Despite the memories left behind
Hope glows to radiance!*

*Though bound by clause to stay one year
Each day they laid the course more clear
Performing tasks with growing joy
That they might some bright day employ*

In their rightful station.

*Met by sceptics, cold and curious
Intolerant of fates so onerous
Patience, humility left their mark
A lesson to mankind impart*

These Displaced Persons!

B. ROBINSON

♦ ♦ ♦

"The Christian Way.

This is a strong thing

This is a paradox—

That going a little farther rests the soul,

That walking the second mile refreshes life!

It is the stinginess of spirit that wears it out,

*The anxiety lest we do more than we should,
destroys us,*

They are blessed and healthy and happy,

Who are free to go beyond what is required of them.

That surplus,

That overflowing of the glass,

That doing of the undemanded,

*That good measure, shaken together and
running over*

Is what puts freshness and Joy into existence.

*It makes living like springtime and rippling waters
and song of birds*

It is the truly Christian way of life,"

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On First Entering The W.G.H.

Here I sit on my nurses' bed
With only a halo upon my head—
My black stockings, my shiny shoes,
The future's rosy—nothing to lose,
Starchy aprons, wards to roam.
How I wish that I were home!
They've issued everthing I need—
Paper to write on, books to read.
The anatomy, nutrition, drugs and all,
Have to be learned or be my downfall.
Finding bacilli, making a map.
Can't tread the front stairs without a cap.
I eat my food in a large dining room,
An exam tomorrow, will it be my doom?
It's "don't do this, and don't do that—
A senior was standing while you sat!"
So, here I reach for a kleenex tissue,
Oh, dear Mom, how I miss you!

A man who went to the doctor's office was somewhat surprised when the nurse told him to step in the next room and remove his clothes.

"But nurse," he started in a hoarse whisper, "it's my throat".

"Please do as I tell you," snapped the nurse, "or I shall be forced to cancel your appointment."

So shrugging his shoulders he went into the next room and there sat a young fellow who was looking very uncomfortable and quite naked except for a large parcel he held across his knees.

"Doesn't that beat everything said the man removing his coat, "I come in here with a sore throat and I have to take my clothes off."

"What are you beefing about?" was the reply. "I just came in here to deliver this parcel."

Medical Meanderings

Diabetes, nephrosis,
Arteriosclerosis,
Paracentesis, punctures and such
Phenobarb, digitalis,
Removing a callous—
Gives "F" flat that added touch.

Preparing a diet,
"Why, sir, at least try it—
'Twill remove your edema, 'tis true.
Your cardiac lining
Improves with this dining.
What say? There is salt in your stew?"

"Have oxygen ready
We're admitting," said he,
The interne assigned to the case.
"No beds at all?
Well, then use the hall.
Sudden vacancies abound in this place!"

Rushing here and then there;
Condition is "fair".
Send a specimen stat and then wait
The results surely tell
If the patient gets well.
All this—is your "F" flat fate.

Mason attempting to be helpful when a fellow student had slipped on a lettuce leaf in the D.K., falling and cutting her scalp—"Bobby! Go to casualty quick, before you get blood on your cap!"

How to give a nurse a surprise:

Place arms around waist. Draw her strongly towards you and hold her tight. Start to kiss her. When she says "Stop!" release her. Note amazement on face.



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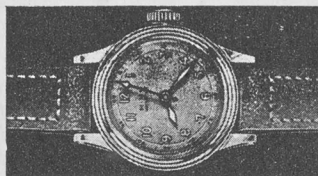
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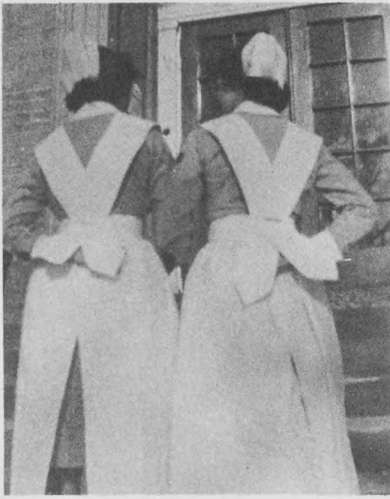
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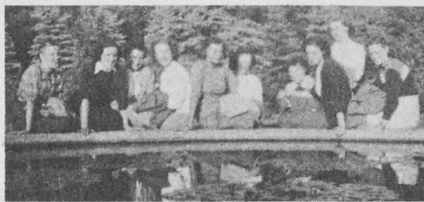
The Hicks from the Sticks



Reflections



Taking a chance



Chronics?

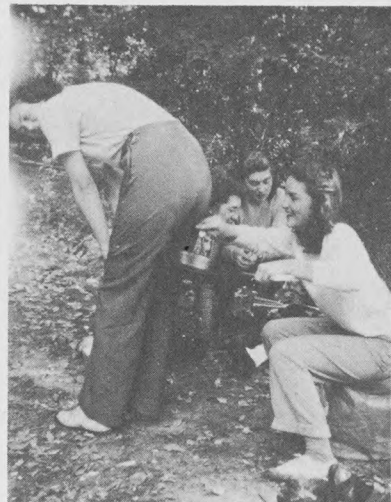




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Typical nurses appetite



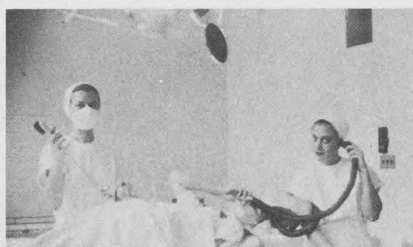
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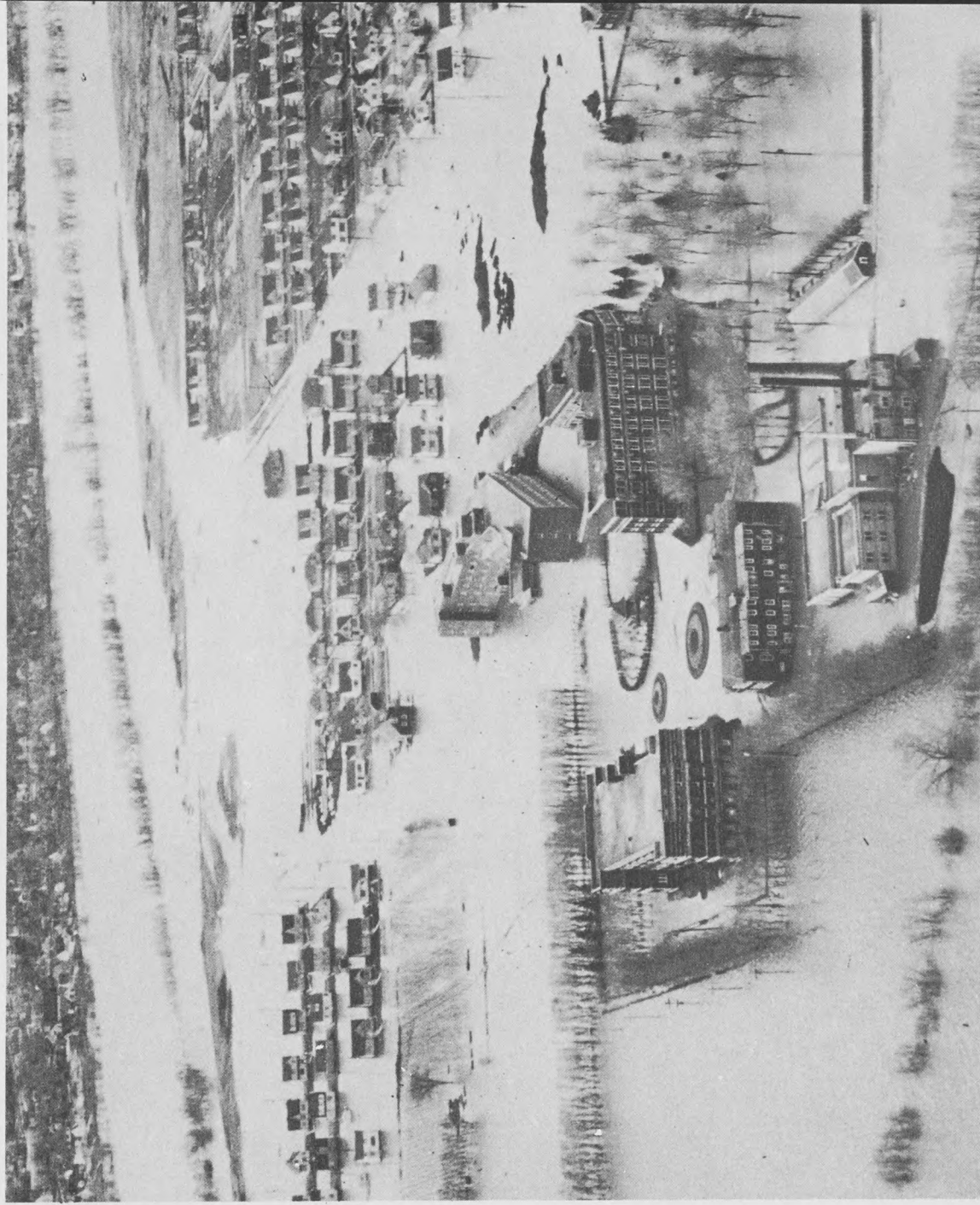
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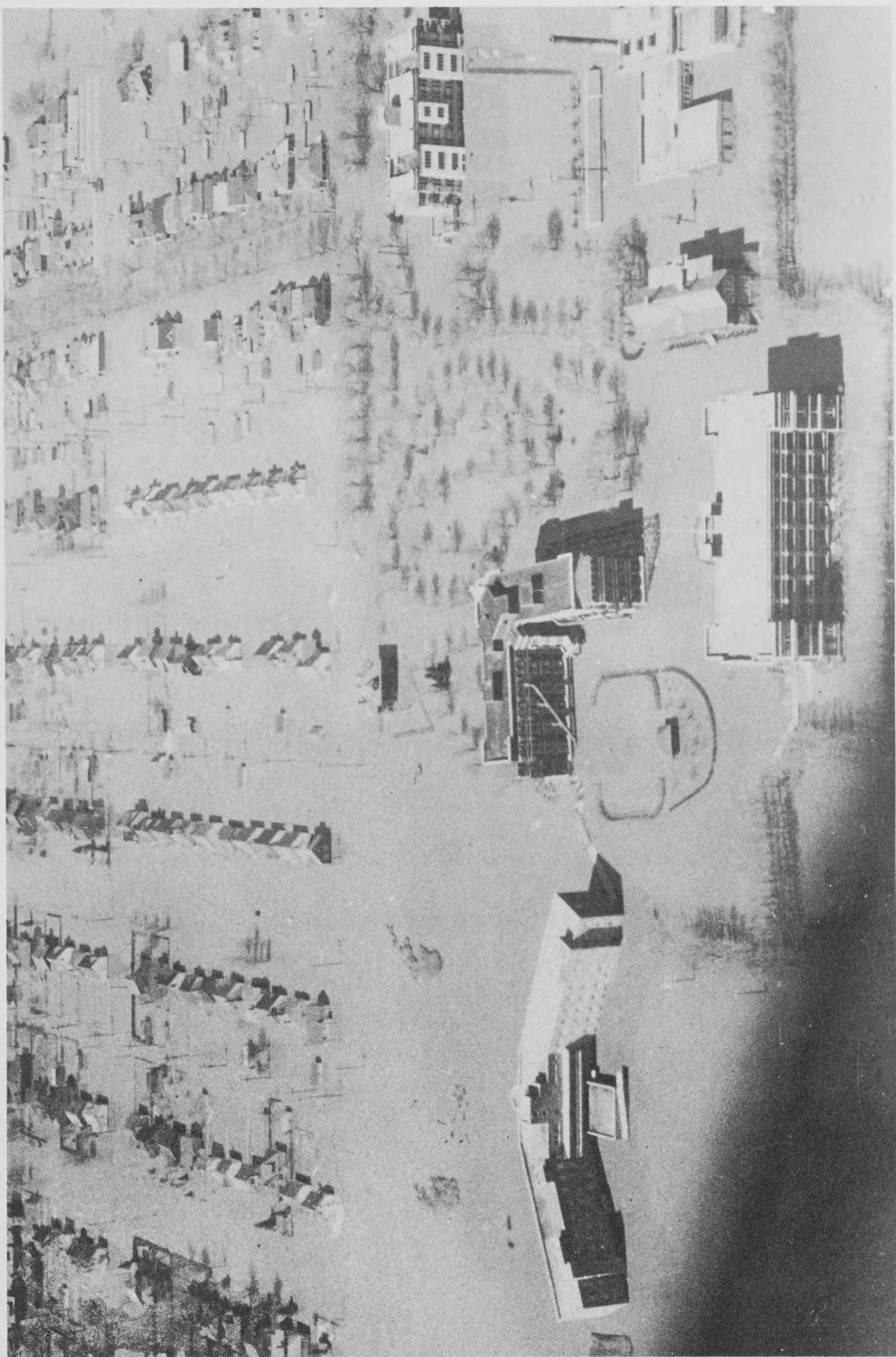
493 NOTRE DAME AVE.

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OUR FLOOD — Spring, 1950

These photos, from the files of the Winnipeg Free Press give us a general idea of the area flooded around the Municipal Hospitals in the Riverview district in Fort Rouge. The level of the water went up three feet higher after the picture on this page was taken. Complete evacuation was in effect.





DESOLATION AND DESTRUCTION



11:31

Autographs..

